

The

Comics

JUNE
No. 8

10¢

POP!
HAVE YOU
SEEN MY
ARROW?



FREE

50 Pair ROLLFAST Skates

Also

50 Cash Prizes

**TED STRONG • BILL AND DAVEY • SALESMAN SAM
DEADWOOD GULCH • MANHUNT • ROD RIAN**
"Mystery of the Hooded Horsemen" featuring Tex Ritter!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**





TED STRONG

BY
AL CARRENO

WHILE TED, THE SHERIFF AND JACK BALDWIN WERE EXAMINING THE LOCKS OF THE DAM, TWO OF DORGAN'S MEN OPEN FIRE FROM THE CLIFF ABOVE, WOUNDING THE SHERIFF. TED JUMPS BEHIND A BOULDER AND RETALIATES

YOU GOT 'IM TED!
HEY SHERIFF!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
ARE YOU HURT?

IT LOOKS LIKE A
HIT! DID YOU HEAR
THAT GROAN?



DON'T YOU DO IT
LAD! ARE YOU
CRAZY?

PULL THE SHERIFF
TO A SAFE PLACE,
JACK, WHILE I GO
UP AND INVESTIGATE



TED - IF YOU
INSIST, GO, BUT
TAKE THIS BELT.
IF YOU NEED ANY
HELP, GIVE US A
SIGNAL.

THAT COYOTE IS WOUND
ED I'M SURE. I'LL MAKE
HIM SQUEAL OUT WHERE
THE ANIMALS ARE.

THANKS



TED MAKES HIS WAY TAKING CAUTIOUS
COVER BEHIND THE ROCKS. BUT... IS
SPOTTED BY THE ENEMY... BULLETS
WHIZ ONCE AGAIN.

AN OPENING! TED DARTS SAFELY
ACROSS THE ROAD TOWARD... THE CLIFF.



AND ASCENDS TO THE TOP



DUE TO THE DARKNESS THE KILLER LOSES TRACK OF TED...BUT TED'S KEEN EYES SPOT HIM IMMEDIATELY...ONE SHOT, AND THE DORGAN HENCHMAN REELS BACKWARDS



AND NOW, YOU RAT! IF YOU PRIZE YOUR LIFE, YOU GOT TO TALK PRONTO, WHERE DID DORGAN HIDE BALDWIN'S CATTLE?

DON'T, PLEASE...DON'T FINISH ME, I'LL TELL YA... FOLLOW THE ROAD TO CONEJO, TILL YOU HIT THE BALANCIN' ROCK... THEN COAST CERRO VERDE... THEN GO THROUGH THE CANYON...



DISMOUNT...AND...WALK FIVE HUNDRED FEET TO YOUR RIGHT... THERE YOU'LL FIND A STEER'S SKULL... AS YOU FACE IT, THE LEFT HORN... POINTS DIRECTLY TO A PATH... FOLLOW THAT PATH... THEN... THEN...



DEAD!

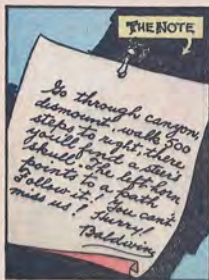


BEFORE DYING, TED FORCED THE DORGAN GANGSTER TO CONFESS WHERE J.B.'S CATTLE IS HIDDEN... BUT, WAS HE TELLING THE TRUTH?

71
JACK, I WONDER IF THAT DORGAN GANGSTER GAVE ME THE RIGHT LEAD?

WELL SON! THE ONLY THING TO DO IS TO FIND OUT FOR OURSELVES





SALESMAN SAM-

Sam Uses His Head on the Links

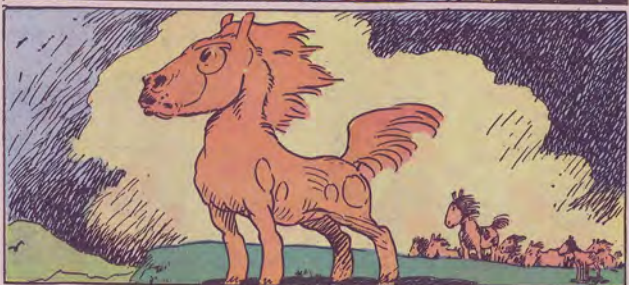


PECOS BILL

By **TEX**
O'REILLY

and
JACKA.
WARREN

WHATA HORSE!



HERE'S WHERE I HIT THE ROAD A LICK





Continued on Next Page—More in Next Issue

©1937 The George Matthew Adams Service, Inc.

JOE A. LARSEN



See What Happens in Our Next Issue.

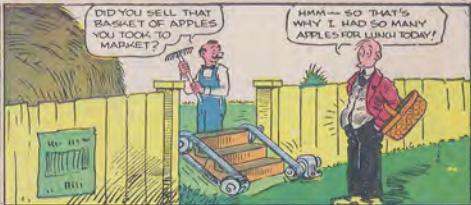
THE NUT BROS.

CHES
& WAL



DID YOU SELL THAT BASKET OF APPLES YOU TOOK TO MARKET?

HMM-- SO THAT'S WHY I HAD SO MANY APPLES FOR LUNCH TODAY!



FUNNY THING BUT CUCUMBERS NEVER AGREE WITH ME!

THAT'S SILLY-- WHY WASTE TIME ARGUING WITH 'EM?



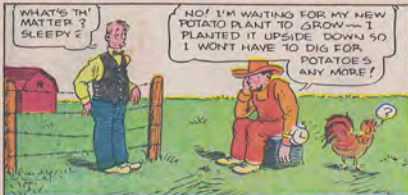
I UNDERSTAND YOU ALSO PLANTED A CAN OF AUNT HAZEL'S PEACHES! WHAT CAME UP?

AUNT HAZEL-- WITH TH' ROLLING PIN!



WHAT'S TH' MATTER? SLEEPY?

NO! I'M WAITING FOR MY NEW POTATO PLANT TO GROW-- I PLANTED IT UPSIDE DOWN SO I WON'T HAVE TO DIG FOR POTATOES ANY MORE!



WELL, PEOPLE WOULDN'T BELIEVE I BAGGED 'EM UNTIL I HAD SHOWN A BEFORE AND AFTER SHOT!



QUIZ ME, KID, QUIZ ME!

WHY HAVE YOU USED BOTH HALVES OF THE ANIMALS IN YOUR COLLECTION?



YOU MUST HAVE BEEN BORN IN TH' LEANING TOWER OF PISA TO GET A SLANTON THINGS LIKE THAT!



© 1977 BY SEA BENTON, INC.

There'll Be More of This in the Next Issue of "THE COMICS"

JIMMY JAMS

by VEP



Cowboy Comics



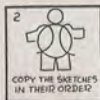
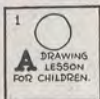
MY BIG BRUDDER

BY FRANK ENGLI

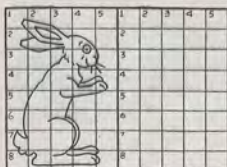
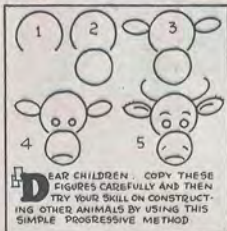
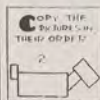
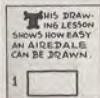


LITTLE ARTIST

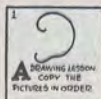
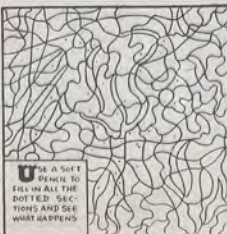
By A.W. Nugent.



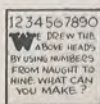
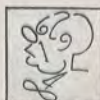
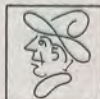
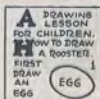
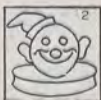
PLEASE DRAW US



DUPLICATE THE RABBIT IN THE EMPTY GROUP OF SQUARES AND HAVE YOUR LINES CUT THE SQUARES IN THE EXACT POSITIONS THEY DO IN THE ORIGINAL



ENLARGE YOUR DRAWINGS



Even if You Can't Draw—Try Your Hand at This

DECKS A'WASH

American Naval Heroes

by AUGUSTUS J. ROBINSON



John
Paul
Jones

ALL ENGLAND WAS AROUSED BY THE EXPLOITS OF THE DARING YANKEE. **N**OT SINCE THE DAYS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA HAD WAR BEEN BROUGHT HOME TO THE PEOPLE OF THE ISLAND KINGDOM.



AT 10 PM ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 19 1780 THE "RANGER" ARRIVED IN THE BAY OFF WHITEHAVEN. UNFORTUNATELY A HEAVY GALE PREVENTED JONES AND HIS MEN FROM LANDING, AS HE HAD PLANNED, SO THE "RANGER" WAS FORCED TO PUT ABOUT AND CRUISE TO THE NORTHWARD.



THE "RANGER" HEADED FOR THE BAY OF CARRICKFERGUS, IRELAND, WHERE THE CITY OF BELFAST LIES. A FISHERMAN INFORMED JONES THAT THE BRITISH MAN-O-WAR "DRAKE" WAS AT ANCHOR INSIDE THE BAY.

JONES PLANNED TO CAPTURE THE SHIP THAT VERY NIGHT



THE CREW ASSEMBLED BETWEEN DECKS, SHARPENING THEIR CUTLASSES; CLEANING AND PRIMING THEIR PISTOLS; THE CANNON WERE LOADED WITH GRAPE AND DEPRESSED FOR WORK AT CLOSE QUARTERS; AND BATTLE LANTERNS WERE HUNG READY TO BE LIGHTED ON SIGNAL WHEN THE ACTION STARTED.



WAITING UNTIL NIGHT, JONES SAILED UP THE BAY, WHILE THE "DRAKE" WAS LYING AT ANCHOR, GENTLY ROLLING IN THE SWELL.

IT WAS THE CAPTAIN'S PLAN TO SWING HIS VESSEL ALONGSIDE AND FIGHT THE ENGLISHMAN AT CLOSE QUARTERS.



© 1938 The George Matthews Adams Service, Inc.

BUT THE PLAN, THOUGH WELL LAID, FAILED TO BE CARRIED OUT. THE "RANGER" WAS BROUGHT UP INTO THE WIND ABREAST OF THE CATHEADS OF THE "DRAKE" WHEN CAPT JONES ORDERED THE ANCHOR LET GO. THE "RANGER" INSTEAD OF BRINGING UP ALONGSIDE THE ENEMY, CAME TO ANCHOR HALF A CABLE-LENGTH ASTERN. THE SWIFT TIDE AND A STRONG BREEZE MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO WARP THE SHIP ALONGSIDE SO JONES ORDERED THE CABLE CUT —



THE "RANGER" SCUDDLED DOWN THE BAY BEFORE A FRESHENING GALE.
JONES HEADED AWAY FOR WHITEHAVEN WHERE HE WOULD AGAIN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE SHIPPING IN THAT PORT.



HIS REPORTS THAT HAD REACHED CAPT. JONES OF BRITISH BARBARITY ALONG THE AMERICAN COAST — THE BURNING OF PORTLAND AND FALMOUTH, AND THE TRIBUTE LEVIED ON SEAPORT TOWNS — HAD AROUSED IN HIM A DETERMINATION TO STRIKE A RETALIATORY BLOW.

THE "RANGER" WAS IN THE VICINITY OF WHITEHAVEN WHERE JONES DECIDED HE WOULD AGAIN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE SHIPPING IN THAT PORT.

As used
by the
U.S. Navy

A truck at the wheel

[illegible]

References



BILL AND DAVEY

By James P. McCague

WELL, BILL HAS JUST KNOCKED THE TAR OUT OF PEDRO, BUT CAPT. LASH ISN'T READY FOR TROUBLE JUST YET, EVIDENTLY--



AND THE LADY MAY SAILS ON OVER THE SOUTH PACIFIC TOWARD THE TREASURE OF PARANG ISLAND. BUT WITH THE ODDS SWINGING STEADILY IN CAPT. LASH'S FAVOR, WHAT CHANCE CAN BILL HAVE NOW--?

McCague

Continued on Next Two Pages--More in Our Next Issue



THE CAPTAIN WAKEN
IN A DARK, M. KIDLESS
NIGHT---



BOSUN, THAT'S A
SLOPPY FURL ON THAT
FORE, UPPER TOPSAIL TO
LEEWARD! GET ALOFT
AN' PASS A GASKET
AROUND IT.

RYE RYE
CAPN!



AS BILL MOVES OUT
ALONG THE LEE
YARDARM---



CAPT. LASH ON DECK,
CASTS LOOSE THE
LEE BRACE---

THIS'LL DO
FER HIM!



AND THE YARD SWINGS
WILDLY WITH THE SHIP'S
ROLL. OVER GOES BILL!

HEY!



HEY!



GOLLY!
WHAT WAS
THAT?



THAT
KID!

HEY CAPN,
DIDN'TCHA
HEAR THAT?
SOMEBUDDY'S
OVERBOARD!



HUH-?
OOH GEE--
HELP,
HELP!

THAT WAS YER
PAL, BILL, ON HIS
WAY TO DAVEY
JONES--AN' YOU
KUN FOLLER 'IM, SINCE
YE'VE STUCK IN YER
JIB!



WHAT'S
THAT?!!



OVER THE
SIDE WITH YE,
YE SNOOPIN'
BRAT!

OW--
LEMMIE GO
HALP!
MURDER!



HUH?

WELL CAPTAIN,
WHAT DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
DOING?



AH,
THE KID'S
CRAZY!

MISS TREW--WE
GOTTA SAVE BILL!
--THIS SKUNK THREW
HIM OVERBOARD--AN'
HE WAS TRYIN' TO GET
RID OF ME 'CAUSE I
CAUGHT HIM AT IT!

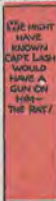


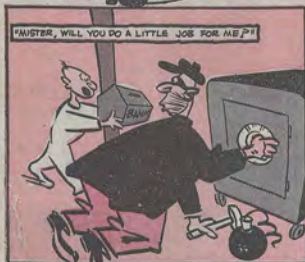
BUT
LOOK
AFT--
WHAT'S
THIS?



AGH-H-H!
IT'S A SPOOK!
A SEA
SPOOK!

AYE--
--AN' WITH
A JOB O'
HAUNTING
TO DO!





DID YOU KNOW?

By JOE ARCHIBALD.



So far the EARTH
has lived only one
half millionth of its
allotted span of Ex-
istence



In Bohemia, suicides choose the
willow tree from which to hang.
The belief there is that Judas
hung himself from a willow.



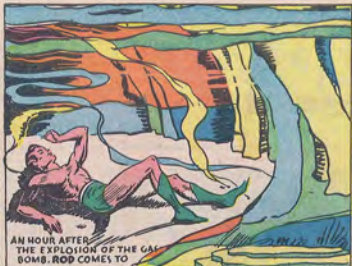
At a temperature of 40.
below zero, smoke from a
wood fire appears in the
form of steam

JOE ARCHIBALD

ROD RIAN

OF THE SKY POLICE

By
PAUL H. EPSON



AN HOUR AFTER
THE EXPLOSION OF THE GAL
BOMB, ROD COMES TO



KARIN IS GONE!
HE STARTS DOWN THE
PASSAGEWAY AND FINDS
A PIECE OF HER DRESS



MEANWHILE...
FAR AHEAD, THE
UNCONSCIOUS KARIN IS
BEING CARRIED OFF BY
UNICOR WARRIORS.....



TO THEIR
PROJECTIL-PLANES



AS ROD HURRIES ALONG ON THE
TRAIL OF THE GIRL, HE
HEARS THE SOUND
OF VOICES
BEHIND HIM



"TAKE HIM ALIVE! THE MASTER WOULD
HAVE HIM SO!"
THE VASSALS OF
MEPHISTOS
CLOSE IN



ROD FURIOUSLY STRUGGLES
WITH HIS ENEMIES.
SUDDENLY, A STRANGER,
LANCE IN HAND,
CHARGES DOWN
UPON THEM

SYNOPSIS

KARIN IS TAKEN AWAY BY UNICOR WARRIORS AND, AS ROD, LATER, RECOVERED FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS-BOMB, FOLLOWS HER TRAIL. HE IS BESET BY THREE MEPHISIANS WHO HAVE ORDERS TO RETURN HIM TO THEIR MASTER, MEPHISTO, ALIVE. A STRANGER COMES TO HIS RESCUE.



ROD WRESTS A DESTRUCTOR-FLAME GUN FROM ONE OF HIS ENEMIES. HE AND HIS NEW-FOUND ALLY MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE DEVIL-MEN.



"I AM TARO, LIEUTENANT IN THE ARMY OF THE UNICORS. I RETURNED TO GET YOU.

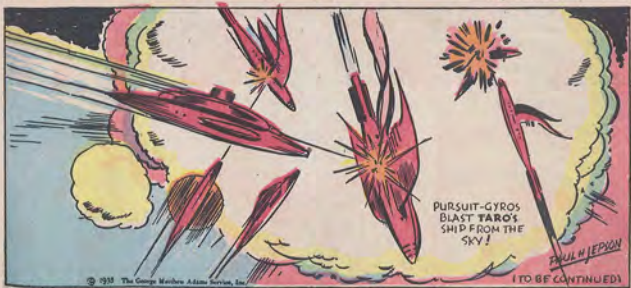
MY MEN HAVE TAKEN THE GIRL ON AHEAD FOR IT SEEMED THAT SHE MIGHT NEED MEDICAL AID AS A RESULT OF THE BOMB. THE INCIDENT WAS A STUPID MISTAKE. WE MISTOOK THE SOUND OF YOUR FOOTSTEPS FOR THOSE OF MEPHISIANS,

OUR HATED ENEMIES. COME, LET US HURRY ON, FOR THERE MAY BE OTHERS PURSUING....



"DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, STRANGER, BUT YOU CERTAINLY HELPED ME OUT OF A TIGHT SPOT!"





GORDON FIFE AND THE BOY KING

By Bob Moore
and Carl Pfeister

WELL, OLD WOMAN, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? I AM BUSY.

AYE, MASTER. BUT I BRING GREAT NEWS. YOUR DAY HAS COME!

AND TELL'S HIM OF HER DISCOVERY.

WHAT'S THIS YOU SAY, YOU'VE GOT THE YOUNG KING IN YOUR TENT?

AYE, HE'S THERE AND BEST OF ALL NONE KNOWS IT BUT YOU AND ME.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE...EVEN THOSE POOLS AT THE PALACE WOULD NEVER LET HIM OUT ALONE...COME LET ME SEE THIS BRAT...BUT IF YOU'RE WRONG...

THERE IS NO MISTAKE, MASTER...AND DO NOT FORGET LATER THAT IT WAS OLD MAGDA WHO PUT FORTUNE IN YOUR HANDS.

MEANWHILE, ROGNAI HAS BEEN IMPATIENTLY WAITING FOR NICKY OUTSIDE THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S BOOTH.

I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM...WE SHOULD HAVE STARTED LONG AGO...HE'LL BE IN A MESS.

WHEW! IT'S THICK IN HERE. WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON...NICKY

THIS IS ONE OF OLD MAGDA'S TRICKS. WONDER WHAT SHE'S UP TO...MUST GET SOME AIR IN HERE FIRST.

THE FRESH AIR RAPIDLY HELPS NICKY REGAIN HIS SENSES.

THE OLD WOMAN...SHE SAID...BUT THE SMOKE...IT MADE ME DIZZY!

TAKE IT EASY, COMRADE. AS SOON AS YOU CAN PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE QUICK.

SHE...SHE KNEW WHO I WAS. THEN SHE SAID TO LOOK IN THE SMOKE AFTER THAT I DON'T REMEMBER...

BUT AS THEY TURN TO GO, THERE IS A SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE THE TENT.

WAIT! WE'RE TOO LATE...SOMEONE'S COMING.

Bob Pfeister

B. B. BALTO'S!

AYE, IT'S BALTO'S! AND WHY DO I FIND YOU MEDDLING HERE? MAGDA, I THOUGHT NONE KNEW OF THIS BUT YOU!

NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU ARE DOING HERE WITH THIS BRAT AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.



N-NOTHING, BALTOG. HE IS JUST A BOY I MET IN THE TOWN. HE WISHED TO PLAY AT BEING A GYPSY, SO...

BLAST YOUR LYING IMPUDENCE! I BELIEVE YOU KNOW TOO MUCH!



GET OUT!...AND IF YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH ABOUT THIS, I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY.



WHEN ROGNAL HAS GONE, THE GYPSY LEADER TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO NICKY.



HOW DARE YOU!...TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

SO...A SPITFIRE?...MAGDA, YOU ARE RIGHT! I WOULD KNOW ONE OF HIS HOUSE ANYWHERE!

HEH!...HEH!...I TOLD YOU MASTER!...I TOLD YOU.

SO OUR FINE YOUNG KING GOES SLUMMING...AND COMES ALL ALONE TO VISIT BALTOG?



YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER, SIRS...BUT YOUR FATHER KNEW ME WELL...IT IS BECAUSE OF HIM THAT I LEAD A BAND OF RASCALLY GYPSIES. INSTEAD OF...AH, NEVER MIND.



IF MY FATHER PUNISHED YOU, YOU DESERVED IT. HE WAS FAIR TO EVERYONE...NOW YOU'D BETTER LET ME GO WHEN I TELL CAPTAIN FIFE.



NOT SO FAST, MY LAD. I'VE WANTED TOO MANY YEARS FOR A CHANCE LIKE THIS...WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU'LL TELL NO ONE ANYTHING.

TAKE THE BRAT TO MY WAGON AND KEEP HIM SAFE...LET NO ONE SEE HIM, OR YOUR LIFE WILL ANSWER FOR IT...I GO INTO TOWN TO THE COMMITTEE.



A LITTLE LATER, IN A SHUTTERED HOUSE IN THE OLD QUARTER OF THE CITY.



AH, YOU ARE EARLY. WE DID NOT EXPECT YOU UNTIL LATER, COUNT BALTHAS.

NEVER MIND THAT NAME, 'BALTOG' WILL DO...I HAVE GREAT NEWS, MY FRIENDS.

THE HOUR HAS COME TO SWEEP THESE PUPPETS FROM THE PALACE. WE SHALL MAKE OUR OWN THINGS, AND BE MASTERS OF KOVNYA!



YOU ARE MAD! IT IS TOO SOON TO STRIKE. A SLOW WEAKS NOT READY. YOU MUST WAIT TO FIND YOURSELF BEFORE ONE OF OLD LORENZ'S FIRING SQUADS!



BAH! BY TO-MORROW, LORENZ AND FIFE WILL BEG FOR WHATEVER WE CHOOSE TO GIVE THEM...COMRADES, I HAVE THE KING!



WHAT?



25 BIG Prizes for the BEST LETTERS!

Hello, Kids!

How would you like a new pen friend? The boys and girls whose letters appear below are also anxious to get acquainted. And making friends through our Letter Club is as easy as falling off a log! All you have to do is answer one of the following letters and mail it to us, enclosing a three cent stamp so we can forward it for you. Leave the rest up to us, and before you know it, you'll be receiving more letters than you can answer!

Dash out and catch that postman now!

Happily yours,

THE EDITOR

P.S. Look below for the size and more excitement.*

INTRODUCING DUWARD AND HIS TRICK DOG:

Dear Friend:

I hope to get a pen friend through the Letter Club as I have no brothers or sisters.

I have a little Scotty dog named "Roscoe" who can jump, sit up, play dead dog, and now he's taken up begging as a side line. While I'm writing this letter he is growling at his reflection in the window.

I am a Boy Scout here in Canada. Every summer I go to camp for two weeks. My hobby is drawing.

Yours friend,

DUWARD T. (age 12).

SAVING STAMPS IS HIS WEAKNESS

Dear Friend:

I have a few friends but would like more. One of my best friends is my stamp album. I would like to have another friend who saves stamps, and prefer that he lives in a foreign country as I would like to trade American stamps for foreign ones.

If someone who is interested in stamps will write to me, I'll tell him more about myself and Fox Arthur, Texas, where I live.

Yours truly,

EDWIN W. (age 13).

A CALL FOR A SOUTHERN PAL

Dear Friend:

I am living in British Columbia and am in the sixth grade in school. I have a Scotty dog and a bird for pets. My hobbies are skating, tennis, and basketball. I live in the city, but I would much rather live on a farm.

I take tap dancing and mandolin lessons, and right now my mother is calling me to do my practicing.

Will someone from the Sunny South please write to me?

Yours sincerely,

FLORENCE A. (age 12).

A PLEA FROM A NEW ENGLANDER

Dear Friend:

I live in a small town in Connecticut. I am of Polish descent and live with my father, mother, and brother. My father works in a factory. I go to high school. My favorite sports are swimming, ice skating, hockey, fishing, football, and camping. I also like to collect insects and postcards.

Please write to me and tell me all about the town in which you live.

Yours,

HENRY G. (age 14).

*We've got twenty-five crisp dollar bills waiting for kids who will write a letter to the editor telling him which is his or her favorite comic character. Your letters must be in the mail before June 28, 1938, and must not be more than 150 words long. You can write about a character in the newspapers or in any comic magazine. The 25 best letters win.



DO YOU WANT A PAIR OF ROLLER SKATES?

--- See Next Page!

50 Pairs *Rollfast* Roller Skates FREE!

Do you want a pair of genuine \$2.00 ROLLFAST Ball-bearing Roller Skates? These skates are nickel plated, built of cold-rolled steel, and are designed to hug the road and last forever. Here's your chance to win a pair free!

Maybe you'd rather be a cut-up than a gagman. Then you still have a chance to win a pair of ROLLFAST Skates. The editor's nephew posted up this picture of Smatter Pop and the kids on skates. Read below to see how he did it.



Just get that imagination working and R.R. in the balloons-whatever you think Pecos Bill is saying to Chancy the Coy. Make it as funny as you can and for the twenty-five funniest answers The Comics will award a pair of genuine ROLLFAST Roller Skates. Send your entry to The Comics Center, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. And be sure to enclose the coupon.

The winner chosen on June 28, 1938.

Be sure cut a picture of Smatter Pop, taken from The Comics, posted it on a piece of paper, then posted on skates taken from the border of those pages. Easy, isn't it? We have twenty-five pairs of real, genuine skates we'll give away free to you boys and girls who paste up the twenty-five funniest pictures of any character taken from this magazine. Mail your entry before June 28, 1938, accompanied by the coupon on the opposite page. Address The Comics Center, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

3

NAME _____

NAME _____

Address _____

THE COMICS CENTER
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

\$25⁰⁰ in Prizes for CROSSWORD PUZZLE fans!

Can you make up a crossword puzzle as well as solve one? If you can make up one for us. We are offering two big prizes of \$2.50 each for the puzzles we print—and 20 additional prizes of one dollar for the next twenty best puzzles. Each puzzle must be your own — must contain six boxes down and six across, and must be accompanied by a complete and accurate solution. To win one of the prizes the puzzles must be mailed before June 28, 1938, and must be accompanied by the coupon in the lower corner of this page. The solutions to the puzzles below appear on a later page of THE COMICS. There will be more next month!

1



This month's prize of \$2.50 goes to Donald Martin, Carlisle, Penna.

ACROSS

1. Expanses
6. Moist
7. Like
9. River (Spanish)
10. Rodent
12. Toward
13. Grows weary
15. Ship

DOWN

1. Begins
2. Anno Domini (abbr.)
3. Vehicle
4. Give out
5. Table implement
8. To move through water
11. Three (prefix)
14. Man's nickname

2



This month's prize of \$2.50 goes to Leonard Bartimore, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

ACROSS

1. Disrupt
5. More lean
7. A cereal
8. Note of scale
9. Like
10. To adjust
11. A fruit (plu.)
12. Unusual

DOWN

1. One who teases
2. To dine
3. Article
4. To line again
6. A rich vegetable mold
6. Rodents
10. Preposition
12. Note of scale

Address all entries to

THE COMICS CONTEST, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3

My age is _____

My name _____

Street and number _____

City and state _____

THE COMICS CONTEST

149 Madison Avenue New York, N. Y.



SALESMAN SAM

GOLLY, I'D GIVE MY RIGHT FOOT,
AN' LEFT ONE TA BOOT, TA SEE
THIS BALL GAME! I'M GONNA
TRY SCALIN' TH' WALL!

COUNTY JAIL
BALL GAME
TODAY
300 P.X.
LONG TERMERS
VERSUS
SOONGETTER-
OUTERS



BOY, HOW THOSE CONVICTS'LL STEAL
BASES AN' ROB EACH OTHER OF
HITS!



TTY JAIL
A GAME
TODAY

DAWGONNIT!
SLIPPIN' AGIN!

THIRD TIME
DOWN



AN' YA TRIED TA MAKE
TH' PRISON WALL THREE
TIMES, AN' EACH TIME
YA WUZ A FLOP, HUH?

YEP! I
GUESS
I'M
LICKED!



CHEER UP BUDDY!
YOU'LL SEE THE
CONVICTS' BALL
GAME YET!

WILL I?
OH, GOODY-
GOODY!



THEY'RE GONNA SHOW IT IN TH'
MOVIES T'NIGHT, DOWN AT TH'
THEATER!



TEX RITTER AND THE MYSTERY OF THE HOODED HORSEMEN!

The MYSTERY of the HOODED HORSEMEN

Adapted from
A LONG NATIONAL
Story by E. J. FINLEY
Directed by AL TAYLOR
Starring
TEX RITTER
as **TEX MARTIN**
IRIS MORGENTHAU
and many
others
by
NORMAN FALCON

TEX HAS
JUST SHOT
ONE OF
THE MASKED
RIDERS
AND
FOUND
HIM TO BE
BILL
DAWSON,
FOREMAN
AT THE
FOUR STAR
MINE.

AS WE
LEFT
TEX WAS
PLANNING
TO TRAP
THE
REMAINING
BANDITS.

WE BEEN AIMIN' TO DRIVE OUT
THESE OUTLAWS — ALL WE
NEEDED WAS A LEADER, AN' I'M
HERE TO TELL YOU NOW, I'M
GOT ONE IN TEX MARTIN.



YOU
SAID
IT!

JUST OUT OF TOWN THE RIDERS
ARE MEETING. JUST AS
NOOTON TELLS THE MEN TO SEE
TO IT THAT TEX MARTIN
MINDS HIS OWN BUSINESS...

WHAT'S UP?

THE TOWNSMEN
ARE ORGANIZIN' AS
VIGILANTES AN' TEX
MARTIN IS GOING TO
LEAD 'EM!

TELL
TH' GANG
TO MEET
AT THE
SAME
PLACE.



WE'LL GET
MARTIN THIS
TIME.



WHEN DO
WE RIDE
TEX?

THE TIME
AIN'T RIPE
YET. I'LL
LET YA KNOW!



THERE'S NO
CHANCE FOR A
SLIP UP THIS
TIME.



WAIT A MINUTE.
WE'RE BEIN'
FOLLOWED.

I DON'T
HEAR
NOTHIN.



MEN WE GOT A SPECIAL PROBLEM TO
CONSIDER TONIGHT — THE BIG BOSS IS MIGHTY
PLEASED — RED EYE IS SWEVED UP TIGHT.
WE'VE JUST GOT ONE MORE OBSTACLE TO
OVERCOME — AN' THAT'S TEX MARTIN.

WAIT.
THERE'S ONE
TOO MANY
MEN HERE.



MEN! GUARD THE
ENTRANCE! THERE'S
A SPY HERE.
EVERYBODY
UNMASK!

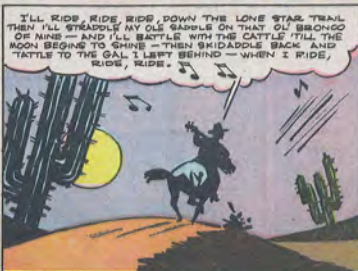
TEX RITTER in THE MYSTERY of the HOODED HORSEMEN!



TEX RITTER AND THE MYSTERY OF THE HOODED HORSEMEN!



TEX RITTER in 'THE MYSTERY of the HOODED HORSEMEN'



WATCH
FOR
NEXT MONTHS
PICTURE
DRAMA

THE Enchanted Stone

of TIME

by
Barreux

MICKEY AND MEG, MYSTERIOUSLY SENT BACK 10,000 YEARS, FIND THEMSELVES ON THE BACK OF A GREAT PREHISTORIC DINOSAUR, WHO GALLOPS OFF TO AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION



WHAT CAN THE LITTLE STONE-AGE KID POSSIBLY SHOW MICKEY AND MEG?

THE ENCHANTED STONE OF TIME

by BARREAU

TWO MODERN CHILDREN, MICKEY AND MEG, ARE TRANSPORTED BACK TO THE STONE AGE.

ISN'T THIS SWELL? OUR CAVE HAS THE BEST VIEW AROUND HERE

DID YOU EVER SEE DINOSAUR'S EGGS? THAT'S REALLY WHAT I WANT TO SHOW YOU

WELL, DID YOU EVER -

THESE ARE BOLU'S EGGS SHE'S A LADY DINOSAUR

BOLU IS PROBABLY IN HER POOL SHE SPENDS MOST OF HER TIME THERE

SURE - SHE'S A BRONTOSAURUS, YOU KNOW, AND THEY LOVE THE WATER

MY FATHER TAMED HER AND SHE HAS BEEN OUR PET FOR YEARS AND YEARS BUT GEE, SHE'S AWFULLY DUMB

OF COURSE JUST LOOK AT HER BIG BODY AND TINY HEAD

OH LOOK, HERE'S ANOTHER ONE HATCHED

WHAT A FAMILY SHE HAS -

GOSH, WHAT'S THAT?

O-OH- IT'S BOLU AND SHE'S MAD AS HOPS!

BOLU MUSTN'T CATCH US! WHEN SHE'S MAD AS THIS, SHE MIGHT DO ANYTHING TO US!!

DOES THE ENRAGED MONSTER OVERTAKE THE THREE KIDS??
SEE NEXT EPISODE

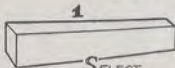
See What Happens in Our Next Issue.



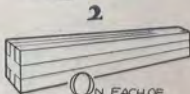
PENKNIFE ODDITIES

BY
WILLIE
WHITTLE

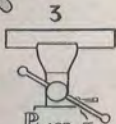
A WOODEN CHAIN



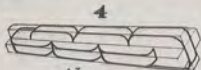
1
SELECT ANY CLOSE GRAINED WOOD THAT IS NOT TOO HARD TO WHITTLE — (MAHOGANY OR WILLOW PREFERRED) 8" LONG AND 1½" SQUARE AT EACH END — AND FREE OF KNOTS



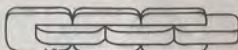
2
ON EACH OF THE FOUR SIDES DRAW TWO PARALLEL LINES ¼" APART AND ½" FROM EACH EDGE. THEN DROP EACH LINE DOWN AT THE ENDS TO FORM THE CROSS AS SHOWN.



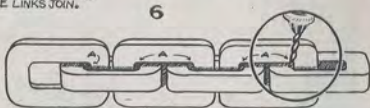
3
PLACE IT LEVEL IN A CLAMP OR VISE, THEN SAW ALONG THE LENGTH OF EACH LINE ON ALL SIDES — CUTTING OUT A RIDGE ½" HIGH AND ¼" WIDE. BE CAREFUL NOT TO SAW



4
Now INDICATE THE POSITION OF THE LINKS — EACH ONE BEING PERPENDICULAR TO THE ONE NEXT TO IT. IN DRAWING ABOVE HEAVY LINE DENOTES LOCATION OF LINKS. NOTICE THAT THERE IS NO SPACE WHERE THE LINKS JOIN.



5
NEXT CARVE OUT THE POSITION OF THE LINKS ON THE RIDGES. REMEMBER EVERY OTHER LINK MUST TOUCH WHERE THEY JOIN.



6
SEPARATING THE LINKS IS THE HARDEST PART — WITH A NARROW DRILL AND SMALL KNIFE BLADE MAKE THE NECESSARY INCISIONS INDICATED BY THE BLACK SPACES IN THE ABOVE DRAWING. THE MOST DIFFICULT SEPARATIONS AT THE POINTS MARKED 'A' ARE BEST DONE AS THE INSET SHOWS WITH A ¼" DRILL ENTERING AT AN ANGLE. THE REST IS EASY — SIMPLY ROUND OFF THE ROUGH EDGES AND INSIDE CURVES — THEN SANDPAPER.

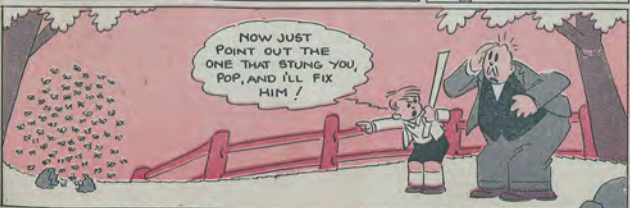


NOTHIN' TO IT IS THERE?

WILLIE
WHITTLE

JIMMY JANS

by VEP



Flight Through Fire



By H. T. SPERRY

BILL DAY had to shout to make himself heard above the terrific din of the water tumbling and cascading down either side of the little plateau which had suddenly become an island. "Ye dasn't try it, ye crazy little mutt!" he yelled. "Yet nothin' but a slick-eared peelo, an' you'll crack up surer 'n shootin'! That flood-water 's churned up the air currents 'til a eagle couldn't take off'n this plateau, let alone a—"

"But I've got to, Bill!" wailed young Pat Hilton. "The flood will hit the lower valley in less than half an hour—and the people down there won't have a word of warning. The telephone wires went down the instant the dam burst, and everybody but you and I are cut off from the south. Somebody will have to drive clear up to Westcott before he can get to a phone, and before that the flood will have burst out of the gorge and trapped everybody in Lost Valley. They won't have any warning, Bill—"

The big chief mechanic paled under his coating of tan and grease. He knew that Pat was right—that not a person would escape alive from Lost Valley unless they started for the hills within the next twenty minutes. But he was as fond of the youngster before him as though he had been his son, and he dreaded seeing him take the terrific hazard of trying to get his tiny Aero-Scout into the air above the flood. Pat had barely soloed—with only five flying hours to his credit—and the venture he proposed to attempt would have taxed the abilities of a seasoned pilot. On the other hand—there were the people of Lost Valley, doomed to certain, terrible death unless . . .

The big mechanic's jaw suddenly tightened. He turned abruptly and dashed into the hangar with Pat at his heels.

But Bill Day went right past Pat's plane and kept on until he reached the rear of the hangar, stopped in front of a large red box which, Pat knew, had arrived the day before for delivery at the dam. It contained a thousand sticks of dynamite.

Bill attacked the top of the box with a hatchet and in two seconds had knocked off two of the boards. He took a stick of dynamite out of the box, opened a carton of caps and bit off the top of one with his teeth. He fixed the cap on the end of the stick of dynamite, clipped a foot-length of fuse from a coil lying in the

top of the box, tied it on the stick over the cap, and handed it to Pat. Then he reached in his pocket, pulled out a cigarette lighter—one of the kind which glows when the lid is snapped up, instead of bursting into flame—and gave that, likewise, to the wondering youth.

"Now listen," said Bill. "If yer dead set on doin' this, you might as well make it worth while. There's no way of landin' in the valley. All you could do is drop a note—and Lord only knows if they'd find it in time. But if the flood hasn't reached Thunder Gorge before you get there, you might be able to head it off. Light this fire-cracker an' drop her right smack in the middle of the gorge—you know, where that rock-slide was last year. If you hit her just right, you'll probably be able to start the slide again—and that should bring down half the face of the cliff on the east side, because it's undermined already. That'll bottle up the upper valley and give the folks below at least a couple of hours before she starts to spill over—and it'll give you enough time to land down at Prairie Station and phone up to 'em!"

THE moment the little ship left the top of the plateau, the turbulent air snatched it and hurled it two hundred feet into the sky. Bill Day, watching below, felt his body turn to ice. Then the tiny plane leveled out, and its nose dropped. It made a short, steep dive and leveled out again, obviously with plenty of flying speed. Bill drew a long shuddering breath and gulped. "That kid 'll make a pilot yet—" he muttered—"if he lives!"

But that was a matter about which young Pat Hilton had plenty of doubts as he wrestled with the stick in the cockpit of the little Aero-Scout. But the sturdy little plane forged onward, bobbing and bucking like a cork on a stormy surf, and at last Pat was aware of a new steadiness in the ship. Soon he was passing the head of the flood—and a few minutes later his eager eyes lit on the rocky ramparts of Thunder Gorge!

Pat climbed the Aero-Scout as steeply as he dared, until he was several hundred feet above the top of the gorge. Then he lowered the plane's nose, and began a, shallow power dive aimed at the very center of the cañon.

Holding the stick between his clamped knees, Pat pulled the dynamite and Bill's cigarette lighter out of his jumper pocket. He gave one glance over the side, and snapped the lighter, applied it to the end of the fuse.



But the lighter did not heat up as soon as he had expected. The fuse remained unlit while the little plane dove onward—and Pat felt cold terror rising in his throat as he realized that he would be past the spot where the explosive must be dropped if the fuse didn't light in the next couple of seconds. With growing fear widening his eyes he glanced over his shoulder at the headwaters of the flood just beginning to show around the last turn of the cañon—and realized he would not have time to manoeuvre the ship into position again before the water reached the gorge!

He realized this, and also knew that he had reached the point where the dynamite must be thrown—when the fuse sputtered!

With a cry of triumph Pat flung his arm over the side of the fuselage and aimed at the spot where the explosive must strike—only to halt with his arm in mid-air as the ship side-slipped out of range!

The fuse on the dynamite hissed like an angry rattler at Pat sat there, gripped in a rigid paralysis of horror which seemed to render him incapable of moving a muscle. If he threw the dynamite now, the people of Lost Valley would be lost—and if he didn't throw it, he would be blasted out of the sky!

Suddenly, as his right hand held the sizzling fuse over the side of the fuselage, Pat thrust the stick forward with his left hand—then threw it back until it rammed into his stomach. The little ship zoomed, shot up into a stall—and fell off on its left wing as Pat kicked rudder. Then it started down in a spin, with all flying speed lost and not the shadow of a chance of regaining it—but the manoeuvre had brought the critical point of the gorge, just at the foot of the rock-slide, once more within range of Pat's throwing arm.

Pat brought his right arm forward with all his strength, and the smoking dynamite streaked downward through the air—but in the instant it exploded, Pat had time to know the dreadful bitterness of complete despair. The dynamite never hit the bottom of the gorge at all. It exploded in mid-air—and as his little plane cracked

in every joint from the titanic upward thrust of the concussion, the tragic hopelessness of those who are condemned to die in vain, swept over Pat.

It seemed that the whole sky had erupted into vivid flame. Pat was enclosed on all sides by solid walls of fire streaked with smoke, and the next thing he knew he was sailing through space.

He fully expected to be dashed against the huge boulders which covered the bottom of the gorge—but when he did hit, with a jar which seemed to sprain every ligament in his body, he found himself rolling over and over in thick, green buffalo grass. And even as he rolled he realized with amazement that he had been thrown, not to the rock-strewn cañon floor—but to the grass-carpeted top of the east cliffs!

With his ears ringing from the thunderous explosion, and his mind dazed by the terrific shaking-up he had received, Pat sat there for several seconds before he could remember what had happened or how he had gotten there. Then memory returned, and he jumped to his feet and rushed to the cliff's edge—only to have his worst fears realized. The explosion had occurred too soon to bring down the rock-slide, and even now the water was rushing into the neck of the gorge. Lost Valley was doomed!

Suddenly, he stared fixedly at a great rift in the face of the east cliff which he had never noticed before—which, he now realized, must have been caused by the explosion. And even as he watched, Pat was certain he saw the whole huge mass shift slightly to the west!

His frantic eyes saw a ten-foot length of stout, Shelby tubing which he snatched up. Not many minutes ago it had formed one of the longerons of his little ill-fated Aero-Sport!

Racing to the face of the cliff Pat thrust the light but tremendously strong tube into the crack he had seen in the face of the cliff. Then, with every ounce of his strength, he pushed back against the lever thus formed, and pried outward against the great pinnacle whose slight movement had suggested to him that it was on the verge of collapsing.

Once again the world seemed to be coming apart. Beginning with an almost human groan, the pinnacle slowly and majestically toppled forward into the cañon. But that was only the beginning. The loosened tons of rock did what the dynamite had failed to do—it started the rock slide. But, as the young pilot crept to the edge of the cliff and looked downward, he realized that it was accomplishing the job far better than a single stick of dynamite. For the whole side of the cliff was going now, and even as he watched, Pat saw a huge natural dam being erected in the face of the on-coming flood—a dam which would be good not for an hour or a day—but forever!

THE END





stop
Look
Laff



COWBOY AND INDIAN LORE

AZTEC LORE



A YOUNG AZTEC WARRIOR WHO ASPIRED TO THIS HONOR FASTED FOR WEEKS IN THE TEMPLE



HE LISTENED TO GRAVE INSTRUCTION ON THE DUTIES OF HIS POSITION AND HIS NEW RESPONSIBILITIES



THEN HE WAS LED THROUGH THE STREETS IN A SOLEMN PROCESSION TO THE PALACE OF THE CHIEF



HE WAS THEREAFTER PRIVILEGED TO WEAR A CERTAIN DRESS AND A SHIELD DENOTING HIS RANK

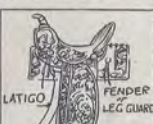
COWBOY PRIMER



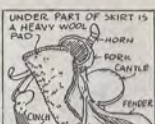
IN LAST ISSUE, THE TREE WAS EXPLAINED. NOW COMES THE LEATHER COVERING -



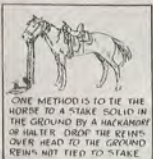
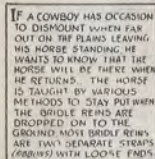
JOCKEY AND SKIRT ARE HEAVY HAND TOOLED LEATHER - WHANGS OR STRINGS ARE FOR TYING ARTICLES ON -



STIRRUPS STYLES AND SHAPES VARIED



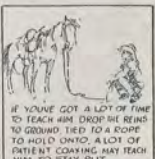
EVEN THOUGH UNDER PART OF SKIRT IS A WOOL PAD - A HEAVY SADDLE BLANKET - IS USED



ONE METHOD IS TO TIE THE HORSE TO A STAKE SOLID IN THE GROUND BY A HACKAMORY OR HALTER. DROP THE REINS OVER HEAD TO THE GROUND. REINS NOT TIED TO STAKE.



ANOTHER WAY HORNBLE THE FRONT FEET. DROP REINS TO GROUND. TIE ENDS TO STAKE IN GROUND and don't forget the horse likes sugar



IF YOUVE GOT A LOT OF TIME TO TEACH HIM. DROP THE REINS TO GROUND, TIED TO A ROPE TO HOLD ONTO. A LOT OF PATIENT COAXING MAY TEACH HIM TO STAY, PUT



There'll Be More of This in the Next Issue of "THE COMICS"



—SPIKE—

CAP'N CLOUD

BY ROBERT WEINSTEIN

WHILE TRUSSING UP CAP'N CLOUD AND HIS CREW, SPIKE SEES A COAST GUARD CUTTER APPROACHING—



CAP'N CLOUD -- CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WITHOUT A GUIDING HAND AT THE WHEEL, THE FAST SMUGGLER MOTORBOAT HEADS FOR DESTRUCTION AGAINST THE ROCKS OF SOLITARY COVE



BY A FAST MANEUVER CAP'N CLOUD TURNS INTO THE NARROW, JAGGED CHANNEL



ON THE COAST GUARD SHIP, THE OFFICERS LOOK ON, AMAZED —



CAP'N CLOUD MEANWHILE SKILLFULLY BRINGS THE RUM-RUNNER'S CRAFT INTO SOLITARY BAY —



UNOBSERVED, CHARLIE UNLOOSENS HIS HANDS



See What Happens in Our Next Issue.

COMIC PUZZLES

STUNTS, GAMES, ILLUSIONS, RIDDLES ETC. BY A.W. NUGENT.

KEEP YOUR
OMMH PKIA CBEM BRXBPT DKXBAF
DZM TIGTZJGM BGF DZM TZBFKXT
XJRR CBRR LMZJGF PKI.

CAN YOU READ THE ABOVE CRYPTOGRAM?
THE MESSAGE IS CONCEALED BY
REPLACING EACH LETTER WITH ANOTHER
LETTER OF THE ALPHABET. THUS THE FIRST
WORD WHICH IS "KEEP" APPEARS IN THE CRYPTO-
GRAM AS "OMMH". EACH LETTER IS ALWAYS
REPRESENTED THROUGHOUT THE CRYPTOGRAM BY
THE SAME CODE LETTER. JUST AS BOTH E'S IN
"KEEP" ARE CODED BY THE LETTER "M" SPACES AND
PUNCTUATION ARE RETAINED.



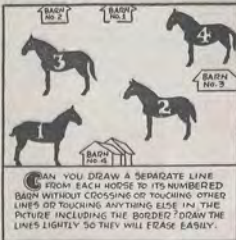
© 1917 The National Geographic Society



START FROM
ANY LETTER AND MOVE TO
THE NEXT ADJOINING LETTER IN
ANY DIRECTION TO SEE IF YOU CAN
SPELL THE NAMES OF TWELVE
PIECES OF MEN'S WEARING
APPAREL WE SPELLED "CAP" FOR
EXAMPLE. NOTE THE ARROWS



OUR FRIEND
MR. WISE
OWL CAN MAKE TWO
COMPLETE SQUARES
BY USING EXACTLY
TEN MATCHES OR
TOOTHPIKS. CAN
YOU DO IT?



CAN YOU DRAW A SEPARATE LINE
FROM EACH HORSE TO ITS NUMBERED
BARN WITHOUT CROSSING OR TOUCHING OTHER
LINES OR TOUCHING ANYTHING ELSE IN THE
PICTURE INCLUDING THE BORDER? DRAW THE
LINES LIGHTLY SO THEY WILL ERASE EASILY.



CAN YOU READ
THE ABOVE FIVE-
WORD PICTURE SENTENCE?
IT EXPLAINS JUST
HOW THE ATHLETE
FEELS.

A.W. NUGENT



LOOK AT MR. DOG'S CONFIDENT SMILE. HE'S ALMOST SURE
HE HAS YOU PUZZLED. HE'D SAY YOUR PROBLEM: CUT OUT THE NINE
LETTERED SQUARES SHOWN ABOVE AND TRY TO PLACE THEM ONE IN EACH
SQUARE SO ADVANTAGE THAT THEY WILL FORM SIX THREE-LETTERED WORDS
HORIZONTALLY AND THREE VERTICALLY. IF YOU CAN SOLVE
THIS ONE CONSIDER YOURSELF AN EXPERT PUZZLER.



SIX WELL KNOWN GAMES ARE
REPRESENTED BY THESE PICTURES.
WHAT ARE THEY?

CLANLY THE COP



S	P	A	C	E	S
T		D	A	M	P
A	S		R	I	O
R	A	T		T	O
T	I	R	E		N
S	L	I	D	E	S

HERE ARE THE SOLUTIONS OF THE
CROSSWORD PUZZLES
 IN THIS ISSUE ——— SEND IN SOME
 ORIGINAL ONES OF YOUR OWN
 PUZZLE N°1 ——— PUZZLE N°2

T	E	A	R
L	E	A	N
O	A	T	L
A	S	F	I
M	E	L	O
R	A	R	E

DEADWOOD GULCH

by Charles McCRAW



DEADWOOD GULCH

BY CHARLES MCGRAW



SALESMAN SAM

WELL, WELL! A FULL HOUSE!
ALL TH' BOYS SEEM TA BE
FISHIN' T'DAY, JAKE!

YOU SAID IT, SAM! THEY'RE
ALL HERE HOOK, LINE
AN' SINKER!



GANGWAY,
BEHIND!

HEADS
UP!

DUCK, SAM,
DUCK! THEY'RE
ALL CASTIN' OFF
THEIR LINES
AT ONCE!

LOOGGOUT!



HELP, HELP! OUCH!
THEY GOT ME!



SAY, ARE YOU GONNA
START ASKIN' ME AGAIN
TA LETCHA TAKE TWO
BUCKS? I TOLD YA WHEN
WE CAME HERE I WAS
BROKE!

OH, YEAH?
WELL, I
LETTCHA
GET BY
WITH IT
THEN—



BUT YER PRETTY WELL
HOOKED, NOW!



The Comics STAMP CLUB

MONTGOMERY MULFORD ~ DIRECTOR



DO you believe in signs? If you do, you are likely to often be disappointed — for things are not always what they seem. One may well wonder who draws the maps of various countries because they certainly are not always the same.

I give you an example with the postage stamp of Iceland. Now Iceland is an independent country, and not, as many believe, a colony of Denmark. To be sure the King of Denmark is also the King of Iceland. But there the allegiance ends. Iceland admits that the Danish King is its monarch; but that Denmark does not rule that island-state. Icelanders will tell you that they have the oldest parliament in the world, and that they are quite free.

Icelandic postage stamps are not very fascinating; but the few which picture maps of the country do not seem to jibe. To prove this I show on this page two Iceland stamps. Note that the country, in its native language is spelled 'Ísland.' The central design of both of the stamps shown pictures a map of Iceland.

But at once you will note the differences. The shape of Iceland is decidedly not the same on both stamps; and there is a neck of land, at your left which, on one stamp is wide, on the other stamp very narrow.

The map of Iceland shown in the center is sketched from a geography used in schools, and which ought to be correct. It probably is the correct one—but neither stamp shown pictures the map like that at all! So take your choice!

Quite often stamp maps are not accurate. This is again proven by a stamp of the Argentine issued

in 1936. Chile protested that stamp as taking in too much of its own territory. So, in 1937, Argentina re-issued the stamp, with more correct boundaries. And too, if you will examine the maps on Bolivian stamps as well as upon Paraguay stamps, you will find that they both have the Chaco region. Yet that region is now between the two nations!

So don't believe a stamp map until you check and find out if it is correct or not. Often it is not. The map-makers of Iceland, for example, may need a lesson in geography themselves, as we may plainly observe by the stamps shown!

Our Stamp Director will be glad to answer personally any questions you may wish to ask regarding stamps. Address your letter to the Popular Stamp Club, c/o Popular Comics, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

STAMP OUTFIT FREE

Tampa-Tenry Landrage TRIANGLE? New Tenn Fish
TRIANGLE from Costa Rica! BOTH these are triangles,
the triangle part other unusual status including recent
NORTH BOUND Triangle Menet, Florida (Dead) (un-
der) - (under) (under) - a set of the WORLD'S
SMALLEST STAMPAGE - (under) - a WATERMAN
TRIANGLE - all ABSOLUTELY FREE - in approval
of people online - for the world's Waterman

MIDWOOD STAMP CO., DEPT. 3W
MIDWOOD STATION BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BIG 5-Cent OFFER

Consist of Costa Rica, Ecuador (large commonest), Jamaica, Argentina (Vies of Geococcyus), Haiti, Australia (Kangaroo), Indo-China, Chile, 10 diff. Peru, and 10 diff. Mexico—all for 1/2 in anatomical specimens.

Maynard Rudman, Dept. 28 Bristol, Conn.

TRIANGLES New BHOPAL (India) and LIBERIA TRIANGLES. Large COSTA RICA COMM. DIAMOND. Airmails from EGYPT, LEBANON, ECUADOR & MOZAMBIQUE. Big P41 CONGO, CUBA, CHINA, BRAZIL, MEXICO & many Rev. Colonies, rare Euros, etc. Only \$5 with airmail.

EUREKA STAMP COMPANY
Dept. 682-L, BURBANK, CALIF.

FREE!!! TWO CORONATION SETS and an abridgement stamp of King Edward. You can have these historically interesting material and TWO pretty foreign pictorial sets by sending us \$5.00 central to cover the cost of postage and packing. Interesting approvals included.

[illegible]

312 Shagan, Wladimir, and
Seymour, Wladimir

"APPROVALS" are stamps sent out on approval by Stamp dealers. The price of each stamp or sheet is marked. Those receiving approvals should return promptly all stamps not retained together with remittance for those not returned.

MAN-HUNT

A TRUE
F.B.I. STORY



ALBANY'S BIG-SHOT O'CONNELLS MUST HAVE
COME TO SOME AGREEMENT WITH THE KID-
NAPPERS FOR WITHIN 25 DAYS A HI-POWERED
CAR HURTTLED OVER A DESERTED HIGHWAY
OUTSIDE OF ALBANY!





WE CAN'T TOLERATE THESE THUGS!
NOT WHILE I'M THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!
SEARCH EVERYWHERE! SEARCH THE
WATERFRONTS! WE MUST FIND
THESE MEN!



SURE! I RENTED
A SPEED-BOAT TO
A MAN WHO LOOKS
LIKE THIS
PHOTOGRAPH!

THAT'S ANGEL
FACE GEARY! THE
OTHER TWO MUST
BE RED CROWLEY
AND JOHN OLEY!



STICK 'EM UP!
YOU MUGS! WE
GOT YOU
COVERED!

G-MEN!



WITH A DOGGEDNESS
THAT DEFIED FAILURE
THE LAW FINALLY
TRAILED THEIR PREY
TO A HOUSE ON
BEDFORD AVENUE
IN BROOKLYN!

CAUGHT! JUST
LIKE A BUNCH
OF SCHOOL
KIDS!

LOOK, FELLAS! THERE'S
A LOOSE BAR IN THE
DOOR! LET'S MAKE
A BREAK!



C'MON! LET'S SCRAM
OUTA HERE! IT WILL
BE A CINCH GETTIN'
BY THE GUARDS!



LISTEN-YOU! WE
NEED GRUB! PLENTY
OF IT! GO AND GET
SOME!



TWO DAYS LATER-
IVAN WHITEFORD A
ROOMING HOUSE
OWNER GOES TO
INSPECT AN EMPTY
HOUSE!

Be Sure to Get the Next Issue of "THE COMICS"



HEADLINERS

by STOOKE ALLEN



R.P. "BOB" Dorman

HE TAUGHT MADERO HOW TO CURL RAILS WITH A LOCOMOTIVE AND THUS HAMPER THE FEDERALS. MADERO MADE HIM A COLONEL—THE FEDERALS PUT A PRICE ON HIS HEAD. AFTER MADERO'S DEATH HE BECAME AN AIDE TO PANCHE VILLA—ONE OF THE FEW MEN THAT PANCHE TRUSTED. DORMAN SAW PLENTY OF EXECUTIONS—ONCE, PANCHE'S EXECUTIONER, "EL CARNICERO" (THE BUTCHER) INSISTED

ON DEMONSTRATING HIS EFFICIENCY AS A KILLER FOR HIS FRIEND, DON ROBERTO.



DOWN IN NICARAGUA, GEN. FERRARA LEARNED THAT DORMAN WISHED TO GET A PHOTO OF A MACHETE CHARGE SO HE ORDERED ONE FOR DORMAN'S BENEFIT—15 MEN WERE KILLED.



FROM AN ACTUAL PHOTO.

SAW IT ALL!

HE ARMED HIMSELF WITH A CAMERA IN 1911 AND JOINED THE FORCES OF MADERO IN MEXICO. THE SIGHTS HE SAW AS A COMBINATION FIGHTING MAN AND WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WERE ENOUGH TO MAKE THE BLOOD RUN COLD—AND IT OFTEN DID.



AND HE'S NOW HEAD OF A LARGE NEWS PHOTO SERVICE.



Cowboy Comics



THRILL-HUNTERS

by STOOKIE ALLEN



**-IVAN-
LEBEDEFF**

THIS HANDSOME RUSSIAN FILM ACTOR HAS HAD A LIFE PACKED WITH MORE THRILLS THAN ANY SCREEN ROLE HE EVER PLAYED. — AS AN IDOL OF THE CZAR'S ARMY HE ONCE RULED A MIGHTY CITY WITH AN IRON HAND.



HE THRASHED A WARDEN FOR STRIKING A FELLOW OFFICER AND WAS SENTENCED TO BE SHOT, BUT ESCAPED AND LED A BAND OF LOYALISTS TO RECAPTURE THE CITY OF ODESSA. HE RULED THE CITY UNTIL THE RED ARMY FINALLY FORCED HIM TO FLEE.



ACTION!

BORN OF NOBLE PARENTS HE ENLISTED IN THE DRAGOONS IN THE WORLD WAR AND WAS SOON A LIEUT. ONE DAY HE LEARNED THAT A GERMAN HIGH COMMAND WAS QUARTERED IN A CASTLE WHERE HE HAD ONCE VISITED. BY A SURPRISE MOVE HE CAPTURED THE ENTIRE STAFF INCLUDING GEN. VON FABARIUS.

(THE ONLY GERMAN GENERAL TAKEN IN THE WAR.)

AFTER ANOTHER YEAR OF GALLANTRY HE WAS MADE A MAJ.-GENERAL. (THE YOUNGEST IN THE CZAR'S ARMY.) WHEN THE REDS OVERRAN RUSSIA HE WAS IMPRISONED.



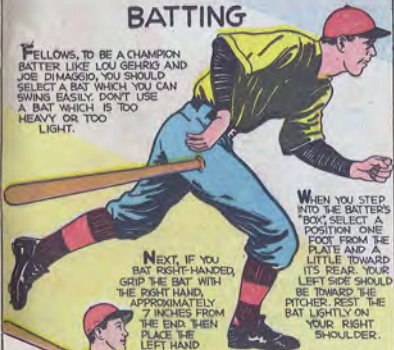
AND HOLLYWOOD GOT A HAND-KISSING HERO

STOOKIE ALLEN

BE A BIG LEAGUER

BATTING

FELLOWS, TO BE A CHAMPION BATTER LIKE LOU GEHRIG AND JOE DIMAGGIO, YOU SHOULD SELECT A BAT WHICH YOU CAN SWING EASILY. DON'T USE A BAT WHICH IS TOO HEAVY OR TOO LIGHT.



WHEN YOU STEP INTO THE BATTER'S "BOX," SELECT A POSITION ONE FOOT FROM THE PLATE AND A LITTLE TOWARD ITS REAR. YOUR LEFT SIDE SHOULD BE TOWARD THE PITCHER. REST THE BAT LIGHTLY ON YOUR RIGHT SHOULDER.

NEXT, IF YOU BAT RIGHT-HANDED, GRIP THE BAT WITH THE RIGHT HAND, APPROXIMATELY 7 INCHES FROM THE END. THEN PLACE THE LEFT HAND BELOW AND

JUST TOUCHING THE RIGHT ONE. THIS SHOULD LEAVE ABOUT TWO INCHES OF THE BAT'S HANDLE FREE. GRIP THE BAT FIRMLY, BUT NOT WITH ALL YOUR STRENGTH.



BOTH FEET SHOULD BE AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE PATH OF THE BALL. THEY SHOULD BE SPACED SO YOU HAVE A GOOD BALANCE. YOUR RIGHT FOOT SHOULD BE TO THE REAR OF THE LEFT, AND THE FORMER SHOULD CARRY MOST OF THE WEIGHT. YOUR RIGHT LEG SHOULD BE STRAIGHT AND YOUR LEFT LEG SLIGHTLY BENT AT THE KNEE.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL WHEN THE PITCHER RELEASES IT. WHEN THE BALL IS ABOUT EIGHT FEET FROM YOU, STEP FORWARD WITH THE LEFT FOOT, THROWING THE WEIGHT OF YOUR BODY IN THE SAME DIRECTION. IF YOU ARE LEFT-HANDED, THE GRIP AND THE STANCE SHOULD BE REVERSED.



READ
**POPULAR
COMICS**
The **FUNNIES**
AND
The **COMICS**
FOR
REAL FUN,
ADVENTURE, AND
THRILLS!



AMERICA'S
LEADING COMIC
MAGAZINES!



CLANCY THE COP



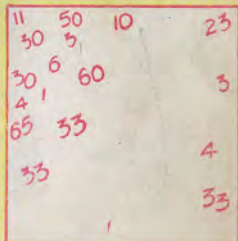
HEY, KIDS — DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUES OF
POPULAR COMICS, *the* COMICS,
 AND
The **FUNNIES!!**

\$25.00 IN PRIZES! \$25.00

Last month we offered a prize, 25 of them in fact, to the readers of THE COMICS who could solve a puzzle neatly and correctly. But the printer made a mistake—and a bad one. He made such a bad mistake we can't even solve the puzzle ourselves. So this month we are running it over again, below, with the correct rules.

Try to Win One Now!

THE COMICS will award twenty-five one dollar prizes for the twenty-five neatest correct solutions to the puzzle on the right. Divide the square with two lines so that there are four triangles inside the square, each containing numbers that add up to 100. Send your contributions to THE COMICS CONTEST, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. All entries must be in the mail before June 28, 1938.





Look ALL THESE FIREWORKS

\$6.00 WORTH for only \$2.95

FOB. POLK, OHIO Not Prepaid



SPENCER'S Young American Assortment

	UNIT PRICE
100 2 in. Curlew Salutes	\$1.50
200 Flash Salutes	.60
25 Flash Salutes	.25
10 Star Curlew Salutes	.25
2 Bay Bombs (2 Shot)	.25
5 Roman Candles (10 half)	.50
5 Bay Rockets (Star)	.45
10 Magnificent	.15
10 Greenhoppers	.15
10 Penny Flash Salutes	.15
5 Glitterbombs	.15
10 Bombshell Salutes	.25
1 Whistling Tumbler Bomb	.15
10 Sparklers	.15
1 No. 1 Aerial Bomb	.15
1 Hand Grenade	.15
1 Reporting Rocket	.15
5 No. 100 Bay Salutes	.15
10 Pig. Airt. Firecrackers	.15
1 Reporting Cannon	.15
1 Marble Flash Salutes	.15
1 Red Torch	.05
1 Bay Bomb	.10
1 Pig. Lady Crackers	.10
1 Erupting Volcano	.10
5 Buster Salutes	.05
1 Whistling Cyclone	.15
5 Giant Liberty Salutes	.15
1 Pig. Bomb	.15
TOTAL RETAIL VALUE	\$6.00

100 Tank Brand Salutes FREE
 Means shipped COD unless you send \$1.50 deposit with order



FREE CATALOG

Wait until you see this big 1938 Catalog: 44 pages that illustrate and describe all the best of your modern night display games and famous Spencer's novelties gathered from all over the world. Send for your FREE catalog and full details of the big price cutting right away.

BIG PRIZE CONTEST

How would you like to win one of these fine 1938 streamlined Shelby bicycles, or a pair of high powered field glasses, a Densy air rifle, a wrist watch, camera, or a pair of roller skates? Over a hundred happy winners will be getting one of these grand prizes. Altogether 250 wonderful prizes will go to Spencer Fireworks customers this year in a big easy-to-enter, easy-to-win contest. Find out all about it by sending for your FREE 1938 Spencer Catalog today.



SPENCER FIREWORKS CO.

44 Main Street Polk, Ohio



FREE
 This Big 35¢ Box of **SALUTES**



Given FREE with orders of \$1.00 or more when you return coupon that is sent with your FREE Catalog

PASTE ON POSTCARD

Mail Coupon TO-DAY

SPENCER FIREWORKS CO., 44 Main St., Polk, Ohio

Tell me all about prize contest and send your Catalog and Coupon FREE

Name _____
 St. Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 (Print Name and Address Plainly)